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CHARACTER  
O F  
Don Sacheverellio,  
*Disaff'd K*  
*Knight of the Firebrand;*  
I N A  
LETTER  
T O  
Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;  
Censor of Great BRITAIN.

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DUBLIN:

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CHARACTER

Ben Sacheverellio

Knight of the Bath



LETTER

TO  
Isaac Bickelstaff Esq

Govr of Great BRITAIN

OPUSCULE

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A

CHARACTER

OF

Don Sacheverellio, Kt.

OF THE

Firebrand.

S I R,

**A**S You have been frequently Complimented upon the Happy Success of Your *Lucubrations* from several Parts of *Great Britain*; give me leave to Congratulate You upon the like Occasion from our side of the Water; and to assure You, that St. Patrick himself was never more dreadful here to Toads and other venomous Animals, than the Renowned Mr. *Bickerstaff* to Affectation and Indecency. If a *Smart* should pretend to hang his Cane upon his Button, no Mortal Man will keep him company. We are all in an Uproar at the very sight of a pair of Red-heel'd Shooes. And should a *Rural Squire* strut along a *Coffee-House* in formidable Scarlet, we strip him immediately for the Benefit of some more honest, but ragged *Corporal*, who has a much better Title to so *martial a Figure*. This happy Expedient is of singular Use to the Gentlemen of the Army; for a New-rai'd Regiment here, is to be Cloath'd with the Forfeitures. Upon your *Taller's* coming into an *Assembly*, I have heard the Lid of a

*Beau's* Snuff-Box crack in his Pocket, the Amber-Head has dropt from his Cane, and the Master himself has sympathetically swoon'd away upon the reading the first Paragraph. Our very Women have suffered a Reform: I know a Young *Beau* who was refus'd this last Week for the very same reason he us'd to be admitted among the Ladies; *his being a pretty Fellow*. Our *Prudes* indeed still talk of the Frailty of the Sex; yet ingenuously confess themselves to be no Exceptions to so general a Rule. I have heard one great Beauty of late say a Thousand fine Things of another (who was her Friend too) without tacking a *But* to the end of her Character; and a young Lady would as soon sail into a Drawing-Room in a scanty Flannel, as a large Fardingale Petticoat. But among all the Characters which you have so happily Drawn, I don't remember that you have yet oblig'd Us with a *Spiritual Knight Errant*. This *White* is a perfect reverse to the Temporal *Don Quixote*, both in his Genius and Occupation; the one being born for the Good, the other for the Destruction of Mankind. One crosses Seas, Woods and Desarts to punish a Miscreant, and relieve the Oppress'd; The other batters in Ease, thrives upon Persecution, and is most particularly fond of the Unhappiness of his Fellow-creatures. One bravely Fights for the Rights and Liberties; the other Preaches up the Slavery of his Native Country: Loyalty to his Sovereign is the principal Ingredient in the Character of the One, whilst the Other practises Sedition under the specious pretence of *Arraigning false Brotherhood*, and labours to Dethrone that Monarch he pretends to Pray for: He roars aloud for an unconditional Obedience in the Subject, yet absolves them as Martyrs who were hang'd as \* *Regicides*. He racks a Text to make it confess a *Meaning it never dream'd of*; and Lampoons an Apostle from his own *Epistles*. His Study of the Gospel makes him the more *Antichristian*; and his *Reading on Magna Charta* the more eminently a *Slave*. He damns all his *Opponents* to shew the vigour of his *Charity*, and flourishes in *Billingsgate* to prove the Nicety of his Taste. He is as little acquainted with Mankind, as if he had been confin'd to his Study all his Life; and is as absolutely Ill-bred, as if he had never

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\* *Charlack, Friend and Perkins.*



Study'd at all. But that I mayn't tantalize you with a Picture, without making you acquainted with the Original; Pray, Sir, be known to this Famous and Praise-worthy Person, *DON HENRICO FURIOSO de SACHEVERELLIO*, Knight of the Firebrand. For his Coat-Armour you see he bears *Sable*, powder'd with *Flower-de-Luices*, Or; his Crest the Cross-keys with a Tripple Crown Proper: He presses the Loins of a mighty Courser, call'd *FACTION*, strong, restive and hard-mouth'd, he bears on his Shield the Picture of a Goddess with her Garments loose, and her Hair dishevell'd, in danger of being Ravish'd by her own Votaries: But above all, Pray, Sir, Take notice of his Whiniard — This Sword, Sir, Ay, This Sword; why, it makes no more of a Minister of State, than it would of a Widgeon, and slices a Constitution as it would a Cucumber. You may see it shred all the Separatists in Great Britain and Ireland like Pot-Herbs, let Blood a Comprehension, cieave a Toleration, and at one Blow knock down a Church and murther a Succession. This Worthy Knight thus Accoutred, and set off, is sap-pily reviv'd for the Ornament of our present Times, and the Wonder and Astonishment of future Ages.

You may remember in the History of *Don Quixote*, this Gentleman's Great Grandfather, that the Knight of the Green Cassock, (a Relation of yours) ask'd the Knight, *How he came to Ride in that Martial Dress in so peaceable a Kingdom as Spain?* I don't know but the like Inquisitive Temper may run in the Blood, and you may be enclin'd to ask our Modern Adventurer *Don Sacheverellio*, *Why (in such an Island as Great Britain, justly admir'd for the Happiness of her Constitution, secured by wholesome Laws at Home, and Victorious over Her Enemies Abroad) he should dream of Giants, Sprights, Bugbears, and Hobgoblins, and strut in that frightful Dress, to the Terror of Her Majesty's Liege Subjects?* Give me leave in the Knight's behalf, and after your own way, instead of an Answer to tell you this short Story, which you may wisely apply to the saving of a Limb.

Once upon a time a certain Doctor, a Man of great Brawn and Muscle, Large, Tall and Termagant, happen'd to Preach before King Charles the Second, being beaten with his Subject, much warm'd by Proofs, and impatient of Contradiction, even in the Looks of an Audience, on a sudden he stript up, and shew'd the amazed Congregation a most thundering Arm, with which he strook the Cushion, and

was heard to cry out—And dares any Body here deny this? — *The King shrunk back, and mutter'd to himself: No Body in his Senses, Doctor, within reach of you.*

This, Sir, as I take it, is proving the present Existence of Gyants and Hobgoblins with a Vengeance, 'tis a pithy way of deciding a Controversy, and very much practis'd in our *Modern Church-Chivalry*.

But as it would be a Thousand Pities that the Adventures, Speeches, and Opinions of so Renowned a Knight should be lost in Oblivion, I must recommend to you his History, written by himself, for the Perusal of the Learned World: And I am confident, Sir, that you will do him the Justice to let him stand upon a Shelf, even with *Bellianis, Orlando, Parismus, Tommy Potts*, and others the like great and immortal Heroes, who have gain'd so Universal a Reputation by their Learning and their Arms.

But as the best History is always attended with the largest Annotations; as the richness of a Cheese is discovered by the multiplicity of its Mites, I have made bold to send you some Reflections upon it, which may give light into Passages more dark than others, and reveal to you some Secrets in the Knights Conduct and Character, which either his known Modesty or studied Forgetfulness might have occasioned him to omit.

I hinted to you before, That our Knight was lineally descended from the *Hero* of the *Mancha*, and I assure you, he is not a little proud of the Alliance; and if the *Patrem sequi passibus equis* (that is the coming up to the Character of his Ancestors) can properly be apply'd to any Man living, *our Knight* certainly strikes the fairest for so exalted a Character. Now, you must remember that *Don Quixote* was of Opinion, that a Knight Errant must be good for every thing: Thus in different Parts of his History, we find him a Poet, Orator, Musician, Sailor, Politician, Preacher. And thus in imitation of his polite Predecessor, our Modern Adventurer, to shew the World how Universal his Taste is, in his celebrated *Epistle Dedicatory* to an *Ornament of the Church*, not only dis-

discovers a vast fund of Oratory, but an admirable Genius for the *Art of Painting*. 'Tis here, Sir, that the Figure of his Worthy is drawn in full Proportion; it seems to start out of the Canvass; every Feature speaks to you, and looks, at once, with so bold and Majestick a Mien, that it has put to the blush even the best Performances of an *Apelles* of old, or a Modern *Le Brun*. It is a Maxim among Artists of this kind, that an ingenious Flattery is ever to be allow'd, so that the likeness is not destroy'd; Our Knight, it seems, has laid hold of the Permission, and has endeavour'd rather to discover the Address of the Painter, than the likeness of the Piece: For, certainly Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you can't but take notice what a vast disproportion there is between a plain Tradesman, and the Hero of a Dedication; the *Citizen* may walk his Rounds in his Socks, if he thinks fit, but the *Hero*, I assure you, must strut it in Buskins. One may associate with its most mortal Enemies of the Church, and yet the other must appear the very *Pillar* of it. One may first see our *Constitution* a swimming, and then tack a Mill-stone to the Tail of it; and yet the other must shine out as the first Patriot of his Country. The good Cit. may sit tamely by, and hear his *QUEEN* and her Ministry reviled, the Pulpit profan'd, the subject of the Day perverted, and ridicul'd, Charity kick'd out of Doors, and Rebellion proclaimed; whilst the happy Hero of the Dedication must be Complemented upon the extraordinary Sufficiency and Vigilance of the Magistrate: And thus you see what a prodigious change is made by a proper and happy Application of Lights and Shadows. A Pismire on a sudden shall swell to an Elephant; a great Horse and Custard to an Atlas of a Constitution; and a *Barabbas* himself make as considerable a Figure as the Apostle of the *Gentiles*. But not to detain you any longer in the Porch, step with me into the Body of the Work; and there you shall behold our Knight display himself in all his Glory.

The Day upon which he was Invited to *Harangue*, was the 5th of November, set apart by Act of Parliament, to Commemorate Two signal BLESSINGS to the *British Nation*; The Discovery and Prevention of the Gun-Powder-Treason in King James the First's Time, and their Season-

able and Happy DELIVERANCE from POVERTY and SLAVERY, by the Landing of King WILLIAM the Third; Of Ever-glorious and Immortal Memory. Upon this Foundation *then*, he pitches upon these remarkable Words.

*In Perils among false Brethren.*

And now, Sir, Who would have given the Fillip of a Farthing for the Life of the Pope and all his Conclave? I expected at least to see *Infallibility* pull'd by the Nose, and the *Scarlet Whore* turn'd up and flogg'd into a *Sense* of her former Villainies: I wou'd not have given a single Doit to be secur'd of turning the *Tripple Crown* into a *Punch-bowl*, and the *Infallible Chair* into an unerring *Ducking-stool*. But alas! my Good Friend, who can answer for the *Whim* of a *Free Thinker*, who dropping all these glorious Considerations, immediately falls foul upon the Word, *Plot*? And here, like his Cousin Antonio in the *Senate House*, He not only proves a Horrid, Mallicious, Hellish, and Audacious Plot, but indeed a sort of a Saucy Plot; and yet he is not thoroughly convinc'd whether it was a Plot or no Plot; at least, he is sure it was not so bad a Plot as another Plot. And thus having flourish'd a while in this Nice and Accurate Fargon, he seems to conclude his first Paragraph with this sounding Heroick.

*A Plot! a bloody Plot! Plot upon Plot, 's Death there was no Plot,*

And then shews the *subject* of the DAY a fair pair of Heels, and does not pretend to look it in the Face for ever after. And here, Sir, give me leave to wonder at the great Affinity between a *State Day Subject*. and a *Field of Battle*. Some indeed, who are fond of the old beaten Path of Method and good Sense, fall immediately to Entrenching themselves; they Line ev'ry Hedge, keep close to their Ground; and should they make a small Excursion, They return immediately to their Colours: This was formerly look'd upon to be proper Management, both in the Preacher and the General. But, Mr. Bickerstaff, Times are altered since you went open



open Breasted, and Rendevouz'd at *Cold-stream*. To stand full firmly to it, is no more now the *business* of the Pulpit, than the Glory of the *Fleld*: *Obstinacy* and *Club-law* are quite out of Fashion, *Fame* in these Days is not so much the Reward of a Battle won, as of a *Victorious Retreat*; a *Parthian* Custom, Sir, and thus a *British* Preacher shall quit his *subject*, and a *French* General his *Trenches*; yet both shall be ready to assure you, that they have not lost one Inch of Ground.

You can't but remember, good Mr. *Censor*, that it was a laudable and ancient custom in *Chivalry*, for the *Knight* to throw the Reins upon the Neck of *Rosinante*, and let him travel as he pleas'd; the Instinct of the Brute it seems, being more conducive to Adventures, than the Reason of the Master. In imitation of so Wise and Heroick a practice, you will find our *Knight* in his second Page, give the Reins to his *Imagination*, which insensibly leads him into a broad High-Road, call'd, *The Thirtieth of January*: And here travelling at his Ease, and full of *Contemplation*, there is an absolute necessity that he should drop into the following *Soliloque*. *Fortunate Times*, cries he out; *Oh happy Age!* which in me beholdest the long neglected practise of Arms and Chivalry, most happily reviv'd. This is the time wherein proud Miscreants shall feel the force of my invincible Arms. *Behell in me the Righter of Injuries, the Redressor of Wrongs, the Tamer of Giants, and the Terror of Caitifs.* And, O ye Powers look down, and see Your Pious Knight sallying forth, and ready to devote himself to the grim Paw of Danger! And, O Church, Church, Church, forgive me if I, Unworthy I, assert your Cause! But, O all ye Powers! What Church do I mean—I won't tell ye. And, O my Prince! O Jemmykin, never to be forgotten! O Chevalier! worthy to be call'd St. George, in Cradle warm ly's snug and smiling, whilst I thy CHOSEN Champion fight thy Battles, and oppose me to the perilous Bruise of Arms. And here, whilst he's thus Entertaining himself, he happens to discover a vast Multitude of People scattered along the Road; and as his clear-sighted Predecessor took every Inn for a Castle, and the very Scrubs of both Sexes for Knights and Damsels; so our Modern Adventurer falls into a very odd Conceit, That the great Croud before him, must of necessity be an Army of  
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of False Brethren upon a full March, with Sword in Hand to attack the Constitution. Fir'd with that Thought, he seats himself right in his Saddle, adjusts his Helmet, and quick as Lightning, drawing out his dreadful Whinard, in a round trot he plants himself right before the imaginary Squadron, when in a hoarse and terrible Voice he was heard to cry: *Stand, proud Knights, stand and unfold your selves; Confess your selves to be False Brethren, and that the Church is in Danger; or expect the proof of it from my Arm.*

So unexpected a Menace you may be sure Mr. Bickerstaff was very surprizing; The gaping Crowd gaz'd sometimes on the Armed Phantom before them, and sometimes on one another, 'till a certain Wag among them, who had more courage than the rest, steps out, and accosts him in the following manner. *Why look you, Sir Knight? It was not over-civil in you to frighten People of a sudden thus with that formidable Face. We mean no harm to your Honour: I answer for every Man here, that he's as harmless as a Butterfly; Why, there is Tom, Dick, Francis, and Jeremy, honest Lads all of them, and I am Peter, Peter was I born, and Peter will I be carried to my Grave; no more a false Brother than I am a Morisco. Then, as for the Danger of the Church, if you mean that of Rome, I grant it you; down goes the Pope, and down let him go for Peter, tho' he were my Name-sake: But if you mean the Church of England, I deny it in the teeth of your Helmet, especially that the Danger comes from our Quarter. For, Sir. Of my Soul do but consider a little, (but first set your Band straight) who is most likely to endanger it? He who daily frequents it, prays for its Preservation, discourages its profess'd Foes at Home, and fights its Enemies Abroad; or he who pretends to admire it, yet never comes near it? Associates himself with those who are in open Hostility against it? He who by deep Hypocrisy, dangerous Positions, and sly and Traiterous Insinuations, Confounds and Divides Us? And lastly, He who is so far from joining heartily with us in a just and necessary War Abroad, that he is for bringing it home into his native Country, by Preaching us into Sedition, and having first put out our Eyes, must at last, push us headlong into the confusion of a civil Broil? As for you, Sir Knight, get you Home in God's Name,*

*wash*

*wash your Face, hang up your Armour, and Live peaceably; Spring is coming on, be advis'd, Shave, Purge, and Bleed a little; clean Straw and a dark Chamber may do much.*

What Words can express to you, Sir, the Anger, the Rage and Passion that boiled in the Breast of our Knight upon so gibeing a Speech! Not a Lion robb'd of his Prey, or a Beau of his Snuff-Box, can represent his Fury; He storms, stamps, and traverses his ground; *O Dishonour!* cries he out. *O Eternal Blot upon Chivalry! Defiance thrown in my Teeth by a base Plebeian! O thou Caitif of Caitifs, thou canting, whining, here and there Villain, Thou luke-warm Laodicean, thou almost Christian, thou very Rascal, stay, and you shall see whose Face is dirtiest.* And here he rushed upon them with a more than mortal Fury; he mows down whole Squadrons at a blow; starch'd Cuffs. Ebony Canes, brush'd Beavers, and Formal Cravats lye scattered o'er the Plain. Thousands flye in vain, he pursues, he hacks, he slices, Nature shrinks to the Center, he runs a Tilt against a grave and venerable Person in Lawn-Sleeves, snatches the Book of Articles from him, and scores him over the Head with his own Exposition of them; he routs, he conquers, and those who are not slain, are miserably made Captives.

You may be sure our Knight was not a little puzzel'd how to dispose of such a Number of Prisoners, but remembering very luckily, that 'tis a custom in Heroicks, for the Hero to make a trip to the Infernal shades, either to confer with an old *Anchises*, or with empty Arms, to embrace the shade of some departed *Dido*; He resolves not to let drop so laudable a practice, knowing very well, that *Hell* was the safest Prison to lock up his Captives; he ties them Two by Two, in a huge long String, takes his Journey downward, consigns them over to the custody of *Satan* and his *Angels*, to have their sense of Feeling pretty often exercis'd, and to be frequently regaled with Fire and Brimstone, then civilly takes his leave of them, to comfort themselves in his Absence with better Company.

Upon his return to Earth, observing that there were several judicious Treatises compiled in *Usum Delphini*, for the Instruction of the *Dauphin* of *France*. Our Knight improves upon the Hint, and in the sequel  
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of his Discourse, you will find some admirable Rules laid down for the Art of Riding and Managing the Great Horse; and these, Sir, he Dedicates to his Worthy Patron the Chevalier de St. George. Now the *Whim* of it is this: He supposes the Subjects of *Great Britain* and *Ireland* to be one large *Wooden Horse*, and the *Prince the Kyler*, the *Machine* is to be mounted by him alone, who can prove in himself an Hereditary Right of Succession, from Father to Son, from Generation to Generation. That there is no possibility of such a *ones* falling should he sit ever-so loose, being kept up by a huge *Moroco Saddle*, call'd, *The Divine Right*: The Beast is made of plain *English Oak*, by which you may guess at his Speed and Mettle; he never trips, starts, or stumbles; should a *Rider* cut off his Ears, dock his Tail, run him against a Wall, or soule him in a Pond, he bears all, being given to understand that it is his *duty* to suffer, and that *Patience per force* is his only Remedy. This, Sir, is the grand and happy *Mystery of the Art of Government*, and I don't doubt, but you will have a wonderful Regard for that Person, who by his Art can Metamorphose a Nation into the resemblance of a *Timber Log*, and prove that there ought be a want of Sense in the Subjects of a *Tyrant*, because when it is thump'd by an *Orthodox Knight Errant* there is no Feeling in the *Cushion*.

And now, Sir, being wonderfully puffed up with his late Victory over the Army of *False Brethren*, he resolves to pursue his Success, and enter into dire and mortal Conflict with four Neighbouring Giants, who live in a strong and Impregnable Castle: These tall Fellows are known by the Names of the *Church*, *Tolleration*, *Administration* of the present Government, and the *Late Revolution*.

Tho' I am an extraordinary Friend, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, to Books of *Chivalry*, being very much delighted with *Grooves*, *Streams*, *Complaints*, *Challenges*, *Knight*, *Damselfs*, *Dwarfs*, and *Palfreys*; yet I could never be satisfy'd, Why the poor Giant is always to be handled after so rough a manner? Is there a necessity that a Man should have his Brains beat out, because he happens to be two Foot taller than the rest of the Company? Does this proceed from a levelling Principle in the *Historians*? Or is it only



only a Compliment paid to the natural Smartness of a little Fellow? Whatever the meaning of it is, I assure you, Sir, there is much to be said in Favour of our Knights tall Antagonists; and whatever Airs of Triumph he may pretend to give himself, yet, by the by, I must acquaint you, that he's likely to receive from their Iron Maces so sound a Drubbing, that it may happen to spoil the Project of his second Sally.

As for the first Gyant (a Female one) do but look upon her, Sir, did you ever see a Person better put together, or more exquisitely handsome? Observe that flush of Health which adorns her Face, and sparkles in her Eyes! Feel her Pulse, Mr. *Bickerstaff*; do you find any thing there of Consumption or Decay? look round and see the Millions whose Hearts and Hands are ready to engage and strike in her Favour. But above all, behold her Royal Mistress, at once her Pride and Glory, who equally raises her by her Example, and Defends her with her Arms: Do you conceive this Lady to be in so much Danger as our Knight would persuade you? It must be very surprizing to see our Knight entring into Combat with this fair Person, whom by the Rules of Chivalry, he is rather obliged to defend: But the Mystery is this. A certain strapping *Amazon*, bred at *Rome*, Proud, Malicious, Cruel, Bloody and Ambitious, has long contested for Empire with our Female Gyant, and watches all Opportunities to Dethrone her; Fierce is their Enmity, but unequal their Pretensions. Our Gyant being the real Possessor of all those Graces which the other imperious *Prude* has only by affectation.

'Tis meritorious to our fair Gyant to be Merciful: To the *Amazon* to be Bloody. One pities and forgives; the other ravages and lays waste. One Glories to appear in Argument and Reason; the other in Faggot and Flame. The Dress of the *Amazon* is Rich, Glittering, and Gaudy; that of our Giant, Plain, Simple and Agreeable, as well knowing that she has no need to have recourse to Paint and Daubing: Whose Charms are heightened by being Natural, and shine most bright in their native Simplicity.

This Female Dragon than you may be sure, Sir, is very much in the good Graces of our Knight, since he observes in her a Genius so suitable to his own: And thinks he

he cannot pay her a better *Complement*, than to Re-build her Empire on the Ruin of her Rival. In order then to Distract and Divide us, he sometimes lays some Principles to the charge of our fair Gyant, which he knows we her Admirers are extremely averse to. At other times he assures her, that she is in danger of being Forsaken; that she is surrounded with *False Brethren* who watch to destroy her. That her best Friends are upon the Wing; and that she is utterly lost: But I assure you Mr. *Bickerstaff*, all his Suggestions are very ineffectual. She knows his Malice, and smiles at his Artifice. She knows her own Charms to be too powerful for her Adorers to forsake her, and can't apprehend her self in Danger whilst she had such a Queen to protect her, such a Hero to Fight for her: And whilst she has the Happiness to be Admir'd by the Wisest, the Bravest, and most Affectionate People.

His second *Antagonist* call'd the *Toleration Act*, is for a Giant as good Natured a tall Fellow as any in Christendom: No Man teaches the World better Manners than he, or is more civilized in his own Behaviour. This Admirable person is never better pleased than when he introduces *Peace, Love and Harmony* into the Minds of Men. He never persecutes any one for Conscience sake, nor calls for Dragoons where Arguments don't persuade. Happy is that Nation which is acquainted with him; for without him none can be Chearful, Safe and Free. Had *France* been sometime since of this Opinion, she had Disputed better the Fields of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*; Thousands of her Subjects had still been in Arms for her, who now contribute to the Glory of her Victorious Enemy.

I am very much at a Loss Mr. *Bickerstaff*, to give you any reason, why this Gentleman should fall under the Displeasure of our *Knight*; however, if you'll believe his Assertion, he has hackt him to pieces; but I am terribly afraid, that this imaginary Conquest of his will be found to be little better than *Don Quixot's* Adventure of the Wine Bagg, and when our *Knight* awakens perhaps he may be convinc'd that it proceeds from the Fumes of his own *Choler*; and not the Blood of his Enemy.

The next Giant he encounters, is, the Present *Administration of Government*; a person beloved almost to Adoration by the present Age, and will be Recorded with a distinguishing

glistening Mark by Late Posterity. Behold him Abroad at the Head of a Grand and powerful Alliance, fighting for the Rights and Liberties of Mankind: And then observe him at home doing Justice to the Oppress'd, punishing the ill Deservers, and Rewarding the Meritorious; Whose Actions have always the good Fortune to be crown'd with Success, yet whose Success is entirely owing to the Force and Greatness of his Verrue. Behold in him a Monarch fathfully Served by the first and wisest of Senates, and a Senate Adorned and made happy by the best of Queens.

Long and terrible has been the Contest between this Giant and our Adventurer: Thrice has the tall Fellow with a huge knotty club knockt him into the Earth, and thrice snatched him up again; whilst our Knight with unequal Force, has not made in return the least dint in his Armour. The Shield of this Giant being made by *Vulcan* himself, all bright and Impenetrable, whenever Malice or Rebellion aims a blow at it.

————— *Perfidus Ensis.*

*Frangitur, in Medioque ardentem deserit ictu.*

His last and mighty Antagonist, is called, *The late Revolution*; a Gentleman to whom *Great Britain* and *Ireland* owe their *Establishment*, and *Europe* its *Liberty*. He was introduced among us by a Hero Who was the first and Greatest of Princes: The *Titus*; The Beloved of his People. His extremity of Happiness consisted in doing Good to All; nor never was he uneasy, but when he wanted power to Relieve. He was Born for a generous Asylum to the Distressed, and designed by Providence to step forth, The Great Plenipotentiary of Mankind. Now the Reason why our *Knight*, is so much an Enemy to this Giant is, That he looks upon him to be a sort of a Parent to the other Three. This is he, Sir, which first scattered and still keeps down a Restless and Factious Party, of which I am very much afraid you will find our Knight to be a Member. 'Tis upon this Gentlemans Principles that our present Establishment is founded; and upon which the Chevalier of *St. Germans* is Voted a Royal Insignificant. Hence springs the Anger and Resentment of our *Knight*, but I must take leave to observe, that it is not very honourably done in him to attack a person, whom he allows to be peaceable, so far as to abhor the very notion of Resistance.

As for the present Circumstances of our Adventurer, I must

must Inform you, Sir, That sometimes he fancies himself Enchanted by one *Freston* a Magician, and Enemy to *Don Bellianis*, at other times he is verily perswaded, that the Pretender is come as near as *Islington*; and talks of mounting a Chariot drawn by fiery Dragons through *Smithfield* to grace his Restoration.

When *Don Sackeverellio* is pleased to make a second Sally, I cannot but recommend to him the *Black Plump*, *Ruddy*, *Faceious Higginisco* of the *Irish Nation* for his Attendant, and Introducer of the Mob on special Occasions. Does the Knight want a battering *Ram*? let him push *Higginisco* against a Town, and it shall immediately drop as flat as the Walls of *Ferico*.

Would he challenge a Miscreant at ever so great a distance? *Higginisco* shall reach him with his Voice from the *Thames* to the *Nile*.

Does he want a Wallet for Provisions, Right before *Higginisco* there struts a large Capacious Conveniency, where there is room enough for Provender for the Nags and their Masters to the Fifth Generation.

But now good Squire *Bickerstaff* as to more private Concerns: Our great News at *Dublin* is that your late *Ediſt* against *Inſipids* has laid half the People under ground. The Plague of *Danzick* could not make a more mortal sweep. There is not a Beau, Politician, Fop, Smart, Pretty Fellow, or Coquet to be seen for Love or Money: Grass grows Six Foot high before the deserted Doors of *Dick's*, *Darby's*, and *Lucas's* Coffee-houses. The Company of Upholders are not able to furnish Blacks enough for the Deceased, Numbers of whom Plead for an Order of *Resuscitation*, to help the Knight to encounter the fore-mention'd Giants.

My humble Service to Puss your Play-fellow: I design to send her Fourſcore Yards of our Sixpenny Stuff, to make her a Fardingale.

The Ingenious Dr *Whaley*, Philomath, Student in Phisick and Astrology, having no little Ones of his own, and hearing much of the Fame of your Dog, desires that when he does any Good in his Generation, you would put Him down for a Puppy.

March 16. 1710.

I am, Dear Cousin, yours,

John Distaff.



